Quin. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtād, he goes but to ſee a noyſe, that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lillie white of hewe,
Of colour like the redroſe, on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eeke moſt louely Iewe,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* toumbe.

Quin. Ninus toumbe, man. Why? you muſt not ſpeake That yet. That you anſwere to *Pyramus*. You ſpeake Al your part at once, cues, and all. *Pyramus*, enter: your cue is paſt: It is; neuer tire.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre.

Py. If I were faire, *Thyſby*, I were onely thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! We are haunted. Pray maſters: fly maſters: helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you: Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer:
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound,
A hogge, a headleſſe Beare, ſometime a fier,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bott. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of them to make mee afeard. *Enter* Snowte.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd. What do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What doe you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe head of your owne. Do you?

Enter Quince. *(Exit*

Quin. Bleſſe thee *Bottom*, bleſſe thee. Thou art trāſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knauery. This is to make an aſſe of mee, to fright me, if they could: but I wil not ſtirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will ſing, that they ſhall heare I am not afraide.

The Wooſell cock, ſo blacke of hewe,
With Orange tawny bill,

The

The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren, with little quill.

Tytania. What Angell wakes me from

Bot. The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and th
The plainſong Cuckow gray:
Whoſe note, full many a man doth mar
And dares not anſwere, nay.
For indeede, who would ſet his wit to
Who would giue a bird the ly, though
neuer ſo?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortall, ſing
Myne eare is much enamoured of thy no
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) d
On the firſt viewe to ſay, to ſweare, I lo

Bott. Meethinks miſtreſſe, you ſhould for that. And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſo
little company together, now a daies. T
that ſome honeſt neighbours will not m
Nay I can gleeke, vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art be

Bott. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit
of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mi

Tyta. Out of this wood, doe not deſire
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou v
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate:
The Sommer, ſtill, doth tend vpon my
And I doe loue thee: therefore goe with
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee:
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels, from th
And ſing, while thou, on preſſed flowers
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe
That thou ſhalt, like an ayery ſpirit, goe
Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, and *M*

Enter foure Fairyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29